

DAREDEVIL MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



YOU HAVE
KNOWN **FEAR**,
MASKED MAN!

NOW, SHAKE
HANDS WITH--
DEATH!!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT--
MR. FEAR!

**BUT THAT'S
ENOUGH!!**

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

A GERRY CONWAY

GENE COLAN

SAN FRANCISCAN
FANTASY!

TOM PALMER, INKER
ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER

ROY THOMAS,
EDITOR

FEAR IS THE KEY!

ONE MOMENT, HE'S DIVING--HIS BODY ARCING AT THE END OF A SNAPPED-TAUT BILLY CLUB WIRE--

--THE NEXT, SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THIS MAN--WITHOUT-FAIR--

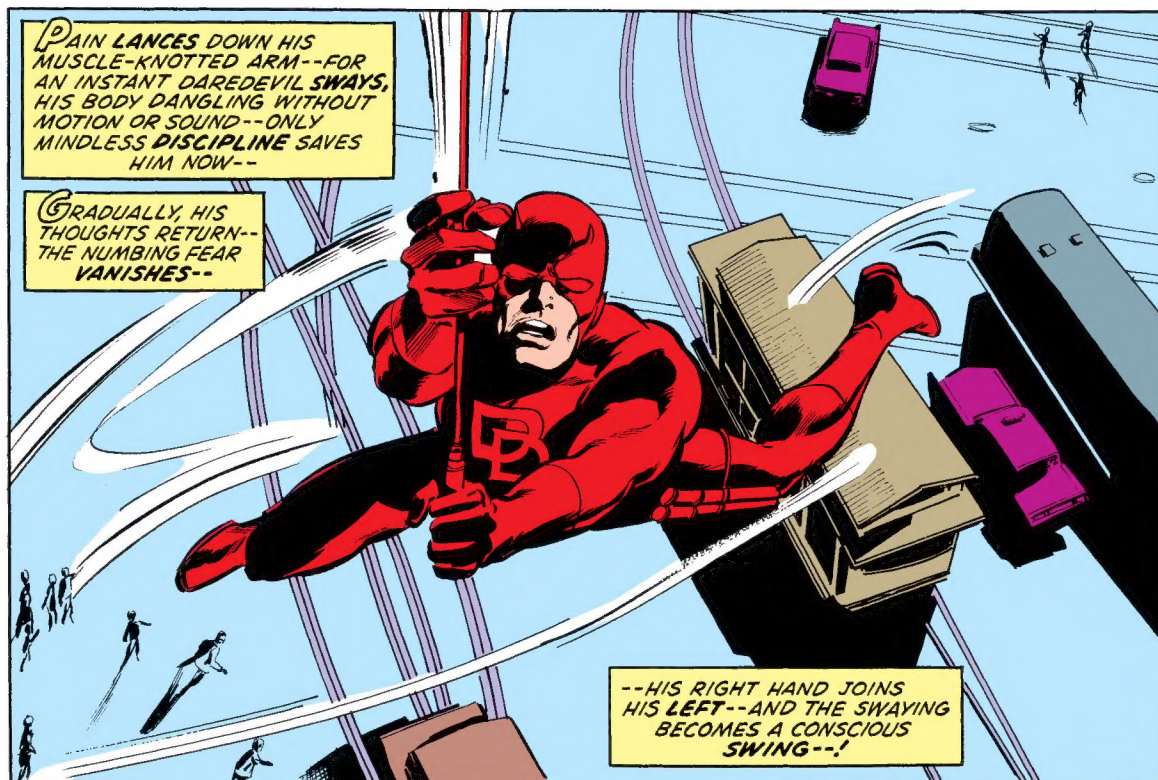
--SOMETHING ATTACKS HIM FROM WITHIN--

--AN ICY SWORD SHOVED TWISTING INTO HIS GUT--BLINDING TERROR CUTTING THROUGH THE LAYERS OF HIS BRAIN--AND WITH ONE CHOKING SCREAM--

--HE FALLS!

MATT!

Nooooo!!!





MATT--OH,
MATT--

DON'T LET
GO--IN THE
NAME OF
HEAVEN.
**DON'T LET
GO!**



HAND OVER ACHING HAND, THE
MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL REGAINS
HIS LOST FOOTING--YET, EVEN AS
HE DOES, HIS MIND WHIRLS IN
WONDER AND CONFUSION--

WHAT *DID* THAT
TO ME BACK THERE,
NATASHA?

IT WAS AS
THOUGH
SOMEBODY'D
CLAMPED
STEEL GLOVES
AROUND MY
HEART--

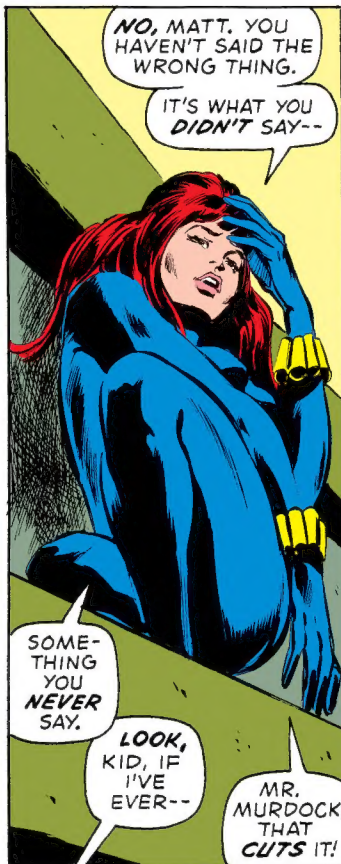
--I COULD
HARDLY
BREATHE!



IS THAT
HOW
YOU--
HONEY?

THHWWIT

TASHA,
WHAT'S
WRONG--?
HAVE I--



NO, MATT. YOU
HAVEN'T SAID THE
WRONG THING.

IT'S WHAT YOU
DIDN'T SAY--

SOME-
THING
YOU
NEVER
SAY.

LOOK,
KID, IF
I'VE
EVER--

MR.
MURDOCK,
THAT
CUTS IT!



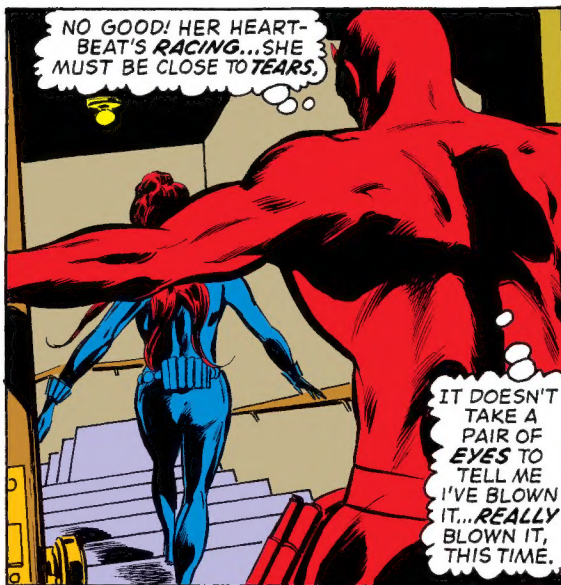
I AM
NOT
YOUR
KID--

--I AM NOT
ANYONE'S
KID!

SO
PLEASE--
PLEASE,
LEAVE
ME
ALONE!

NATASHA,
HOLD
ON A
SECOND--

**BLAST
IT,
WAIT!**



NO GOOD! HER HEART-BEAT'S RACING...SHE MUST BE CLOSE TO TEARS.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A PAIR OF EYES TO TELL ME I'VE BLOWN IT...*REALLY* BLOWN IT, THIS TIME.



NATASHA...TALK TO ME.

...TELL ME WHAT I DID *WRONG*.

YOU HONESTLY DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?



IT SUDDENLY STRUCK ME, MATT, THAT FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS--I'VE BEEN *YOUR* PARTNER--

YOU NEVER *THANK* ME-- NEVER ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I *AM*--

--A *PERSON*-- SOMEONE *APART* FROM YOU--



--SOMEONE WHO ACTS AND REACTS FOR HER *OWN* REASONS--

--NOT JUST FOR *YOURS*!

I'VE BEEN *YOUR* PARTNER, MR. MURDOCK-- *BUT YOU* HAVEN'T BEEN *MINE*!

TASHA, *HONEY*--!

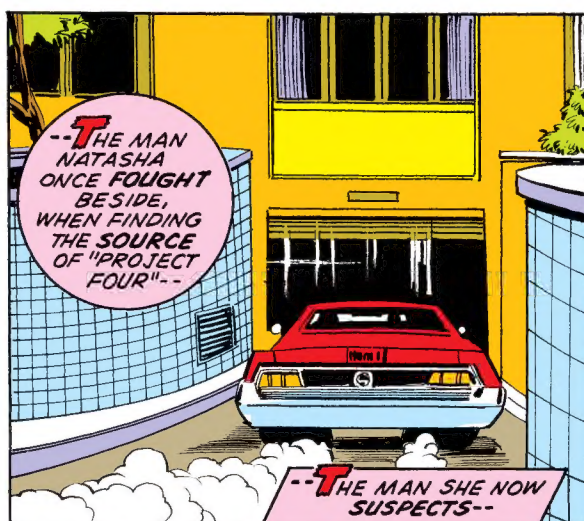
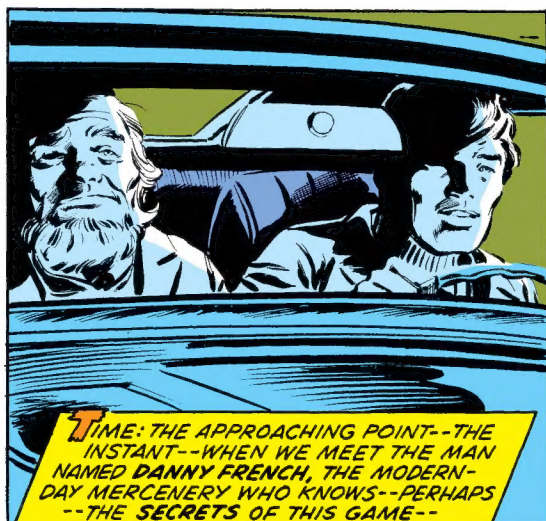
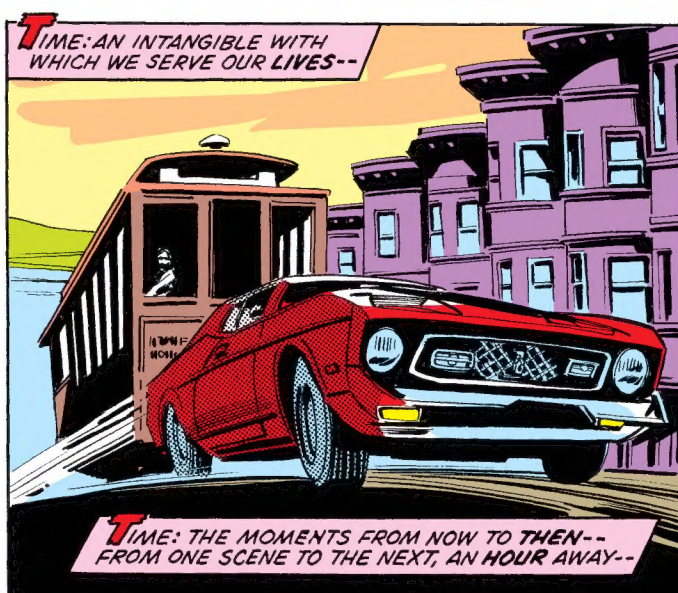
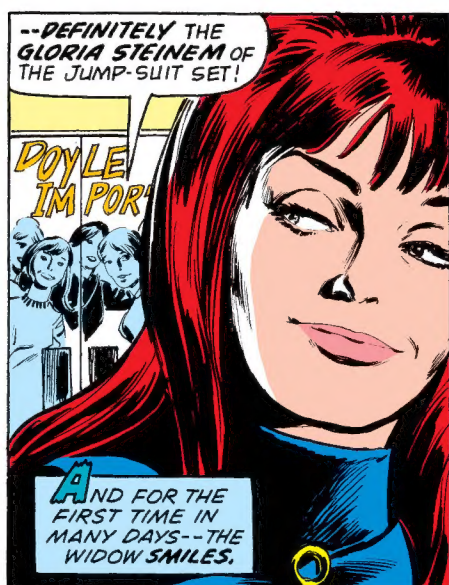
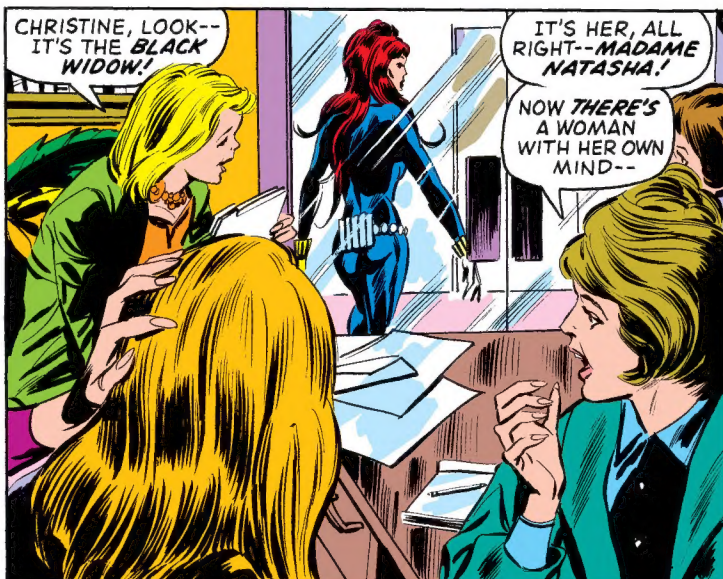


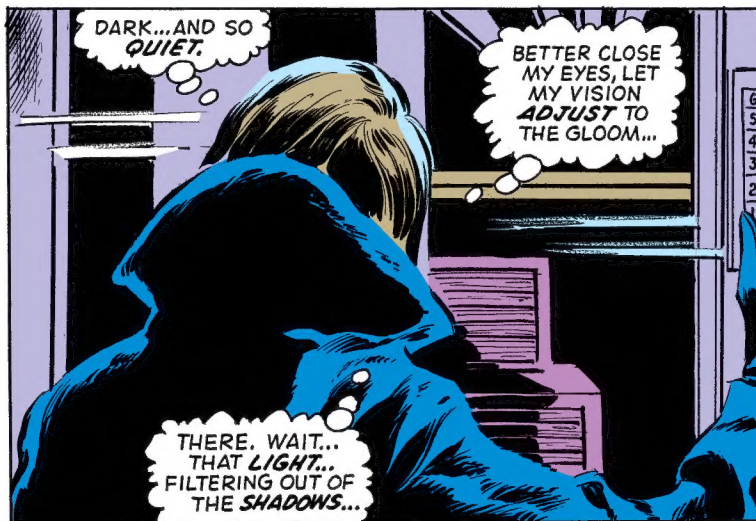
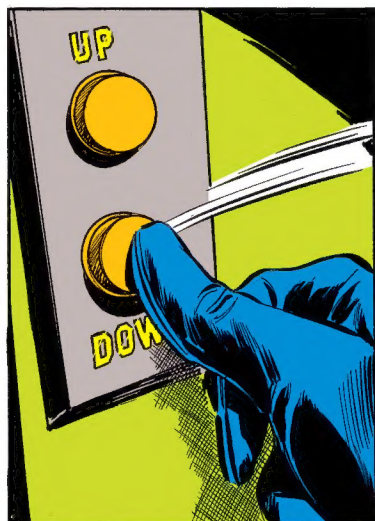
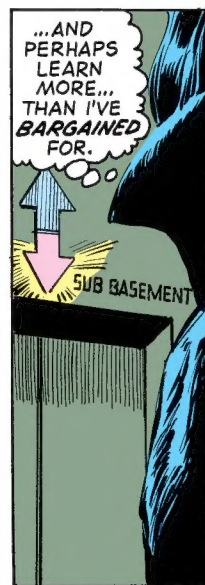
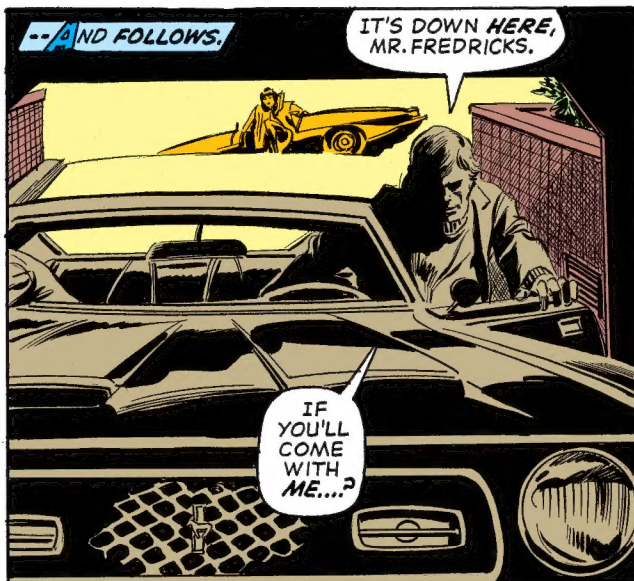
FORGET IT, MATT! I DON'T WANT--OR *NEED* --YOUR COMFORT.

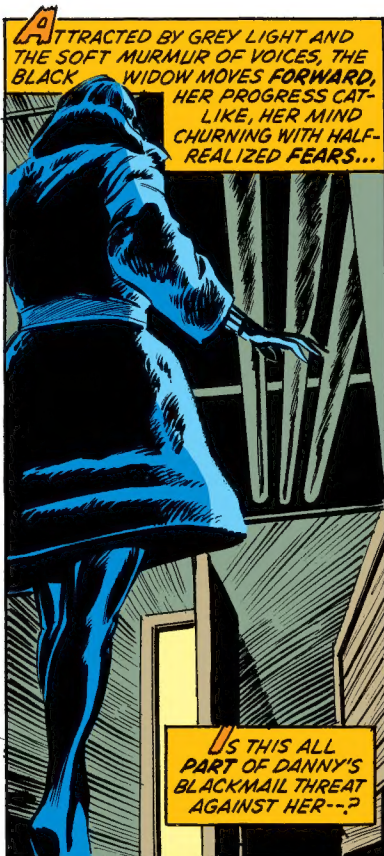
THAT'S *ALL* YOU EVER OFFER ME--



AND IT JUST *ISN'T*--AND NEVER *HAS* BEEN-- ENOUGH!







AATTRACTED BY GREY LIGHT AND THE SOFT MURMUR OF VOICES, THE BLACK WIDOW MOVES FORWARD, HER PROGRESS CAT-LIKE, HER MIND CHURNING WITH HALF-REALIZED FEARS...

IS THIS ALL PART OF DANNY'S BLACKMAIL THREAT AGAINST HER--?



OR--IS THERE ANOTHER GAME AFOOT?

A GAME --WITH THE BLACK WIDOW'S LIFE AS THE WINNER'S PRIZE!



THERE Y'GO MR. FREDRICKS-- JUST LIKE I PROMISED.

I THINK YOU'LL AGREE IT'S WORTH THE PRICE--

--WHICH I ASSUME YOU'VE GOT WITH YOU-- RIGHT?

THE FULL AMOUNT, MR. FRENCH... PLUS A **BONUS** FOR YOUR PROMPT DELIVERY, I MIGHT ADD....!

NOW, DANNY-- ISN'T THAT **SWEET?**



FRENCH--WHAT'S THE **MEANING** OF THIS?

--THEY PAY **EXTRA** FOR TRAITORS THESE DAYS!

GO AHEAD, DANNY-- **EXPLAIN** TO YOUR FRIEND.

TELL HIM ALL ABOUT THE PROJECT --AND THE **POWER** YOU'VE JUST SOLD!

LADY, I'VE **HAD** IT WITH YOU--



YOU'VE BEEN **BUGGIN'** ME ABOUT THAT PROJECT FOR THE PAST **TWO WEEKS**--

--FOLLOWING ME AROUND TOWN LIKE I'M SOME SORT OF **CRIMINAL**--

--MOUTHING OFF LIKE YOU'VE **FLIPPED** YOUR **BLASTED LID**--

--**SISTER**, I HAVE **HAD ENOUGH!**



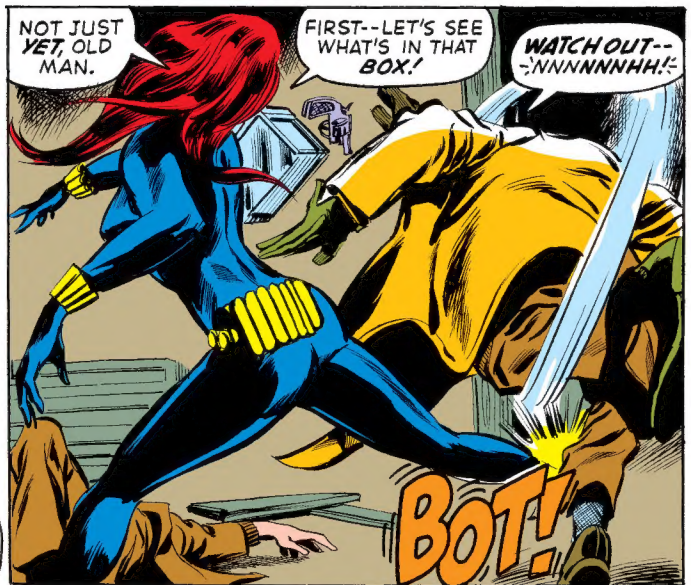


YOUR MISTER FRENCH IS QUITE *RIGHT*, MY DEAR.

I HAVEN'T THE *FAINTEST* NOTION AS TO WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT--

--AND FRANKLY, I HARDLY CARE.

PLEASE STEP ASIDE.

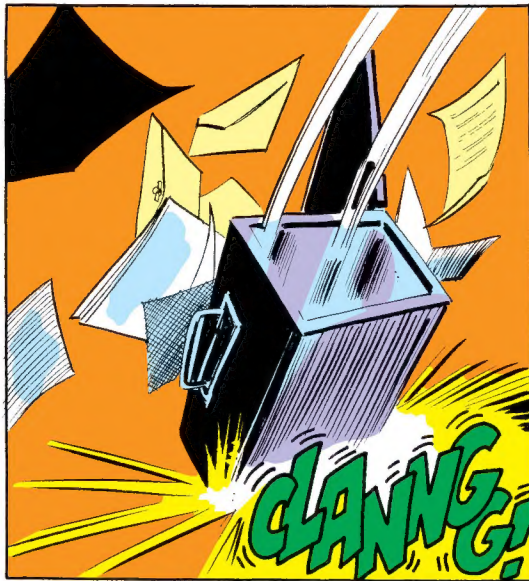


NOT JUST YET, OLD MAN.

FIRST--LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BOX!

WATCH OUT--
--NNNNNNHH!--

BOT!



CLANG!



PAPERS? DANNY--ONLY PAPERS?

IT'S LIKE I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, SISTER.

FREDRICKS KNEW *NOTHING* ABOUT THE GLOBE-- UNTIL *YOU* OPENED YOUR TRAP.

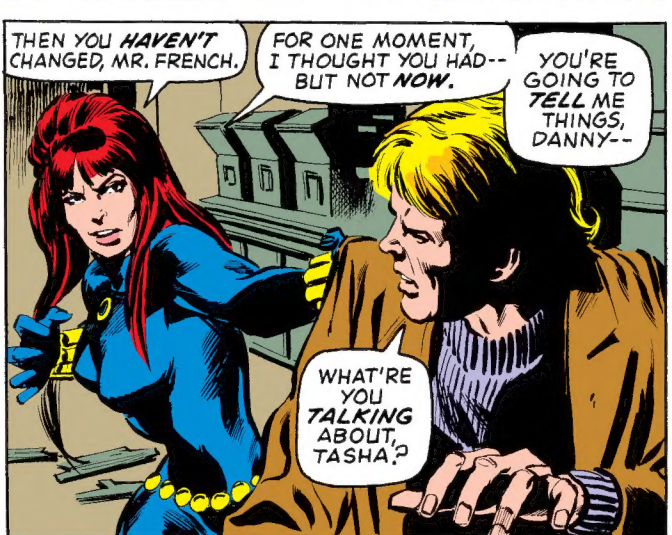
HE'S A *CLIENT*. I JUST SAVED HIS SKIN FROM A NASTY *BLACKMAILER*.



AND, AFTER FREDRICKS HAS PAID HIS FEE AND GONE HIS WAY...

YOU *RESCUED* HIM, DANNY? I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT...

SIS, HE'LL NEVER KNOW IT-- BUT HIS BLACKMAILER AND SAVIOR--WERE *ONE*.

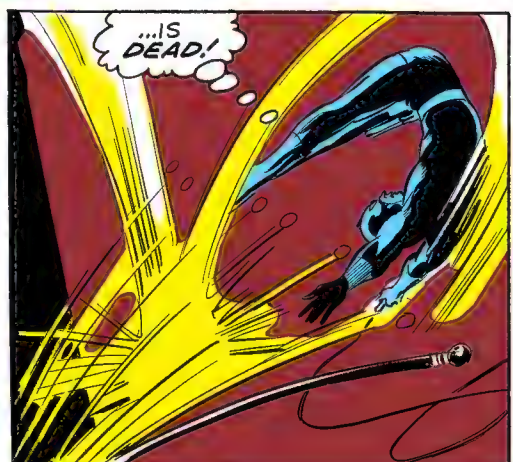
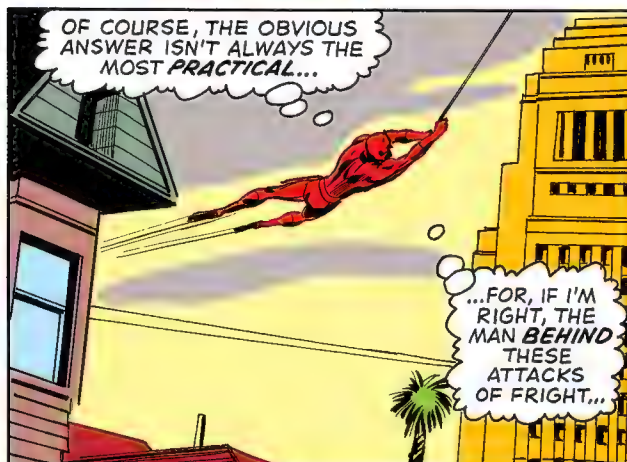
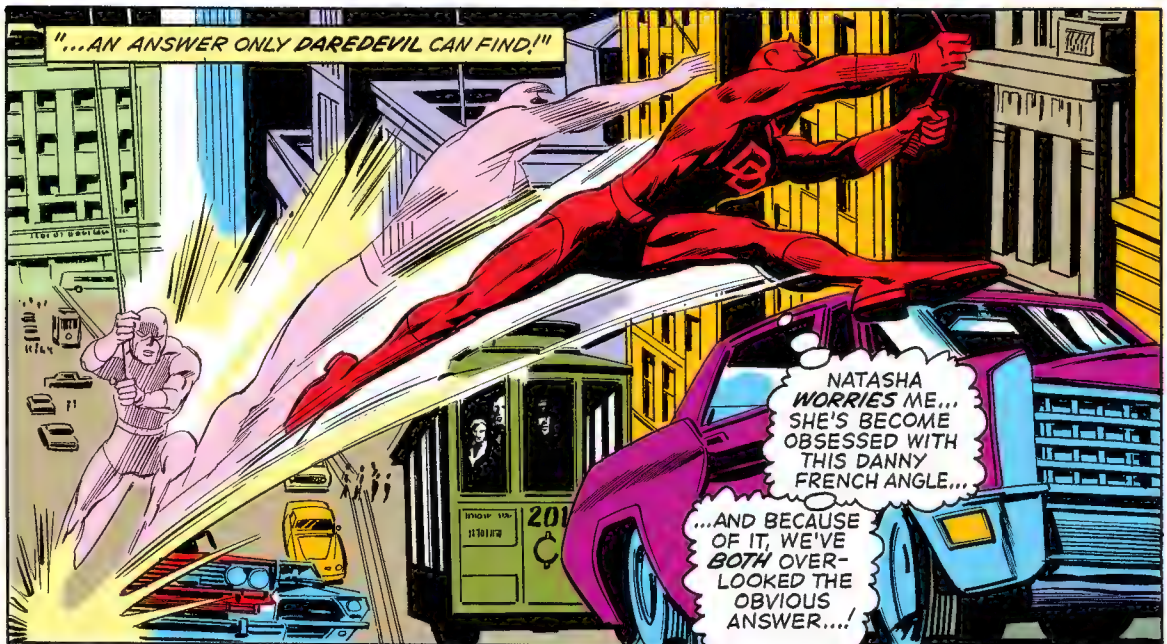
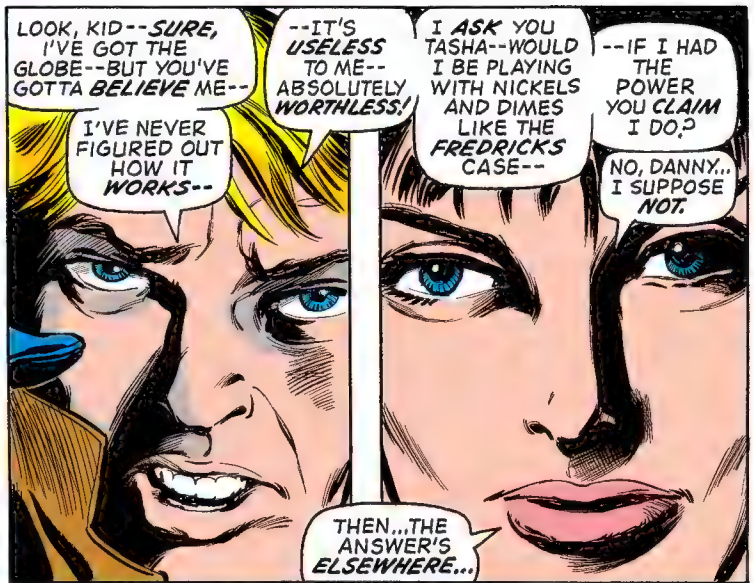


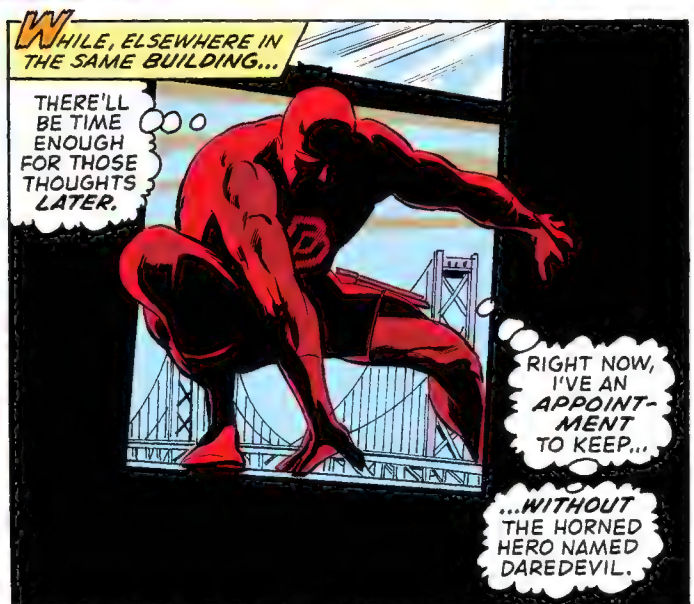
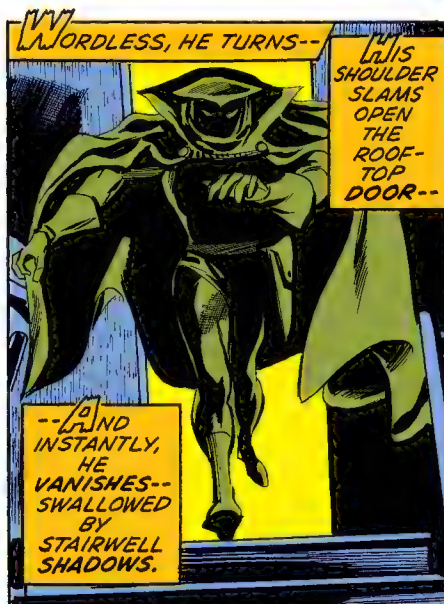
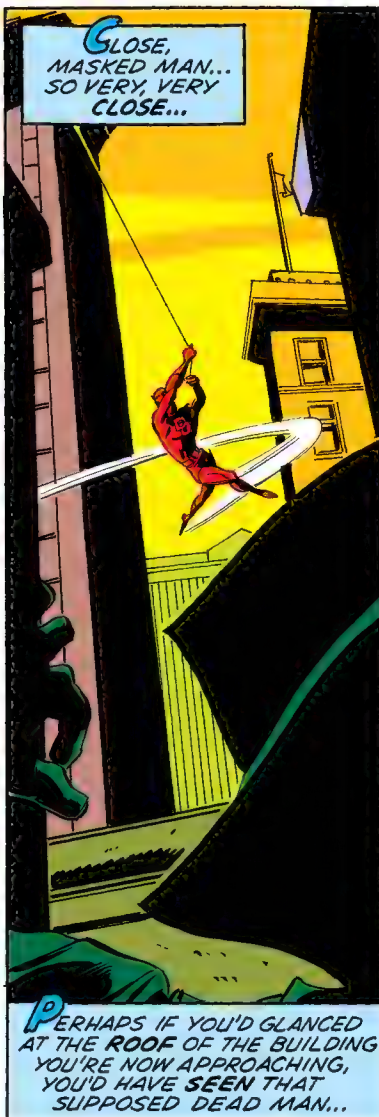
THEN YOU *HAVEN'T* CHANGED, MR. FRENCH.

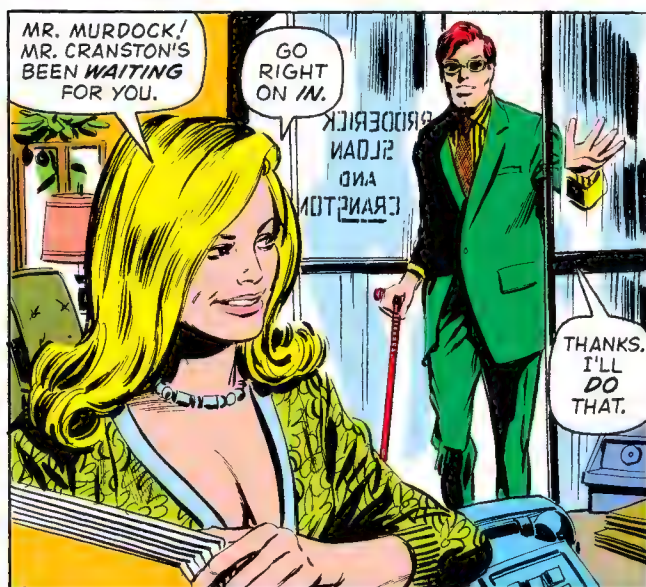
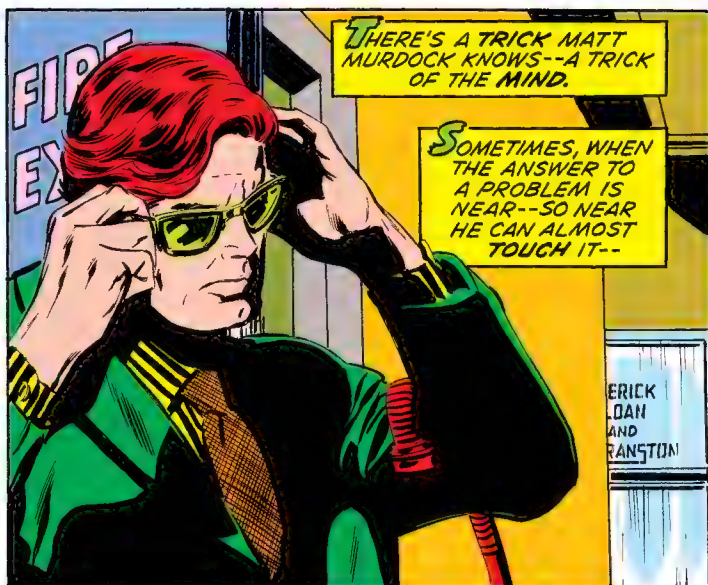
FOR ONE MOMENT, I THOUGHT YOU HAD-- BUT NOT *NOW*.

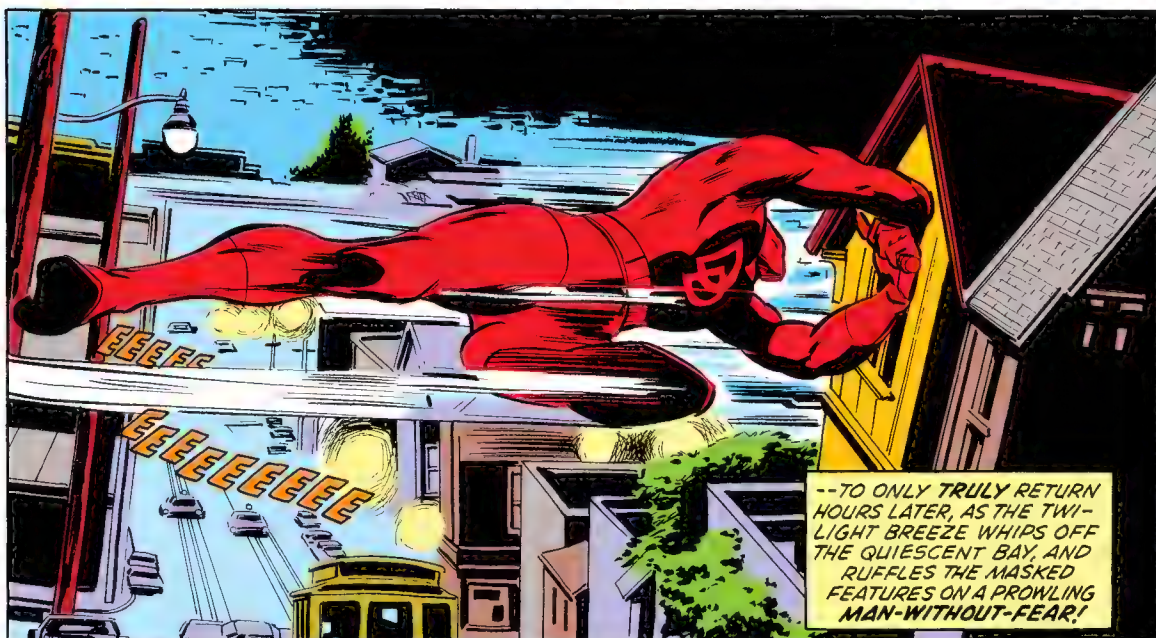
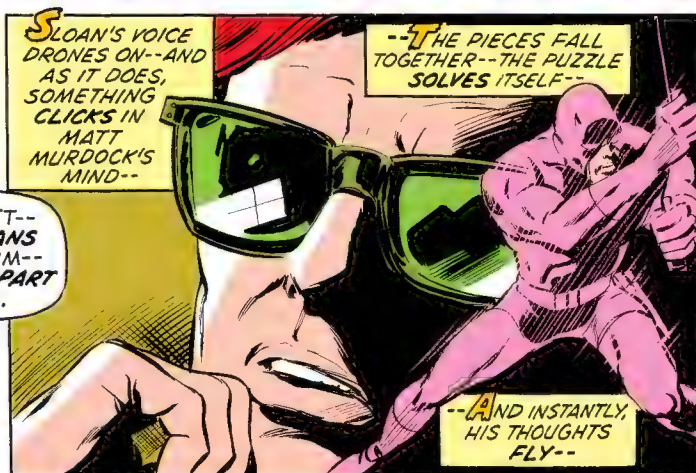
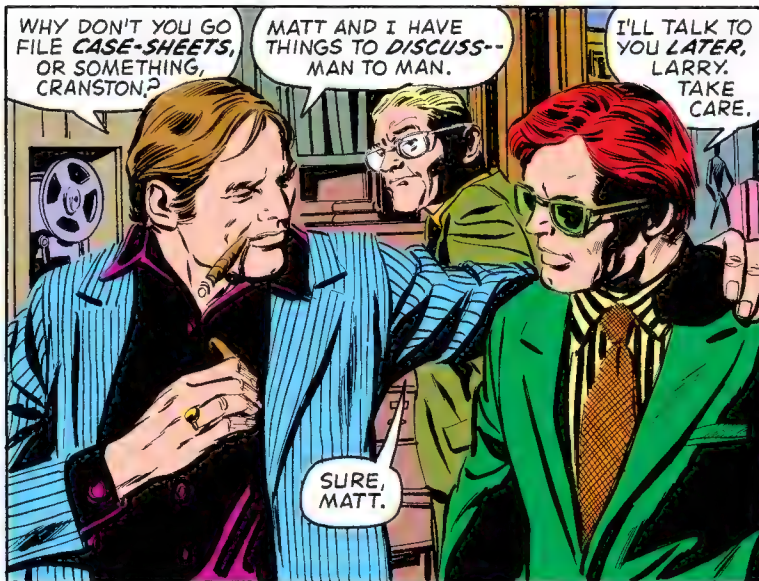
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THINGS, DANNY--

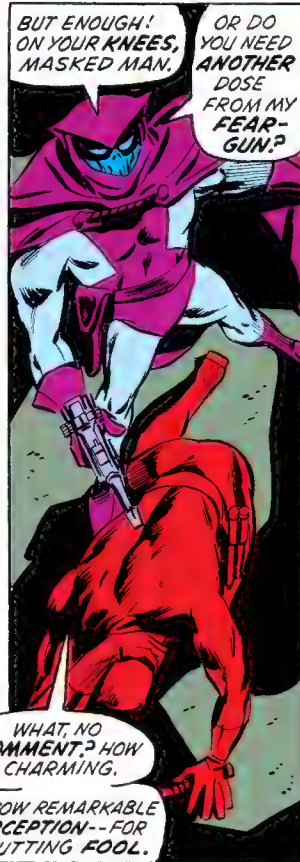
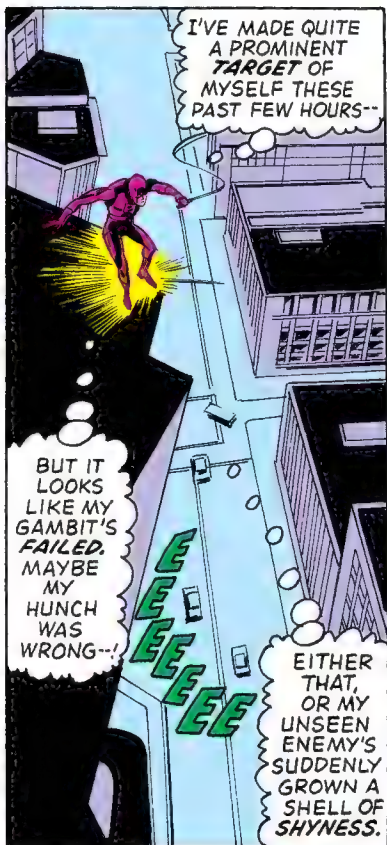
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, TASHA?

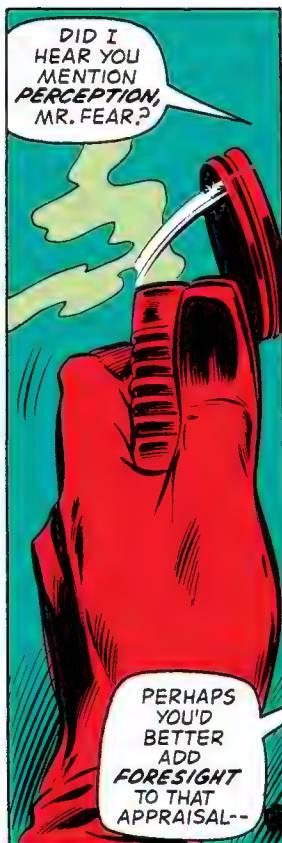


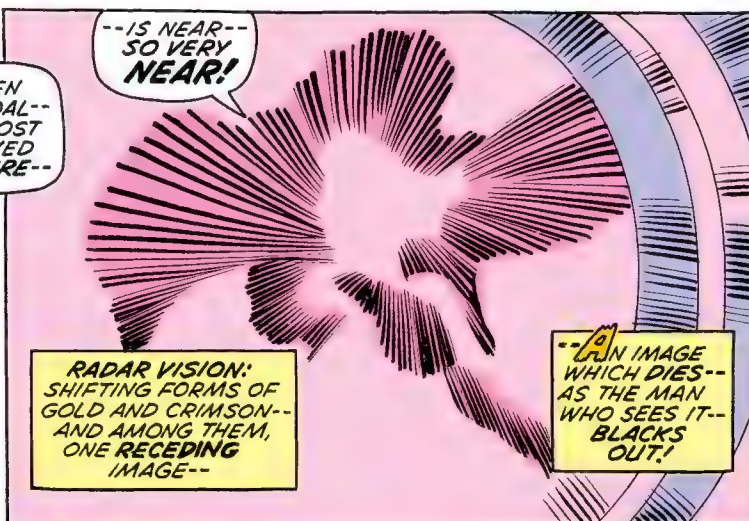
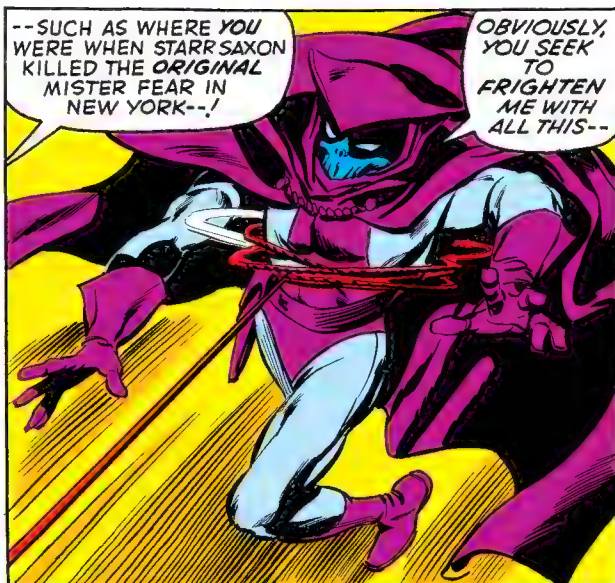


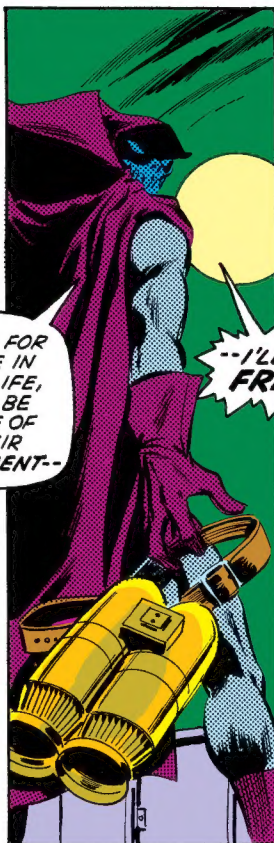


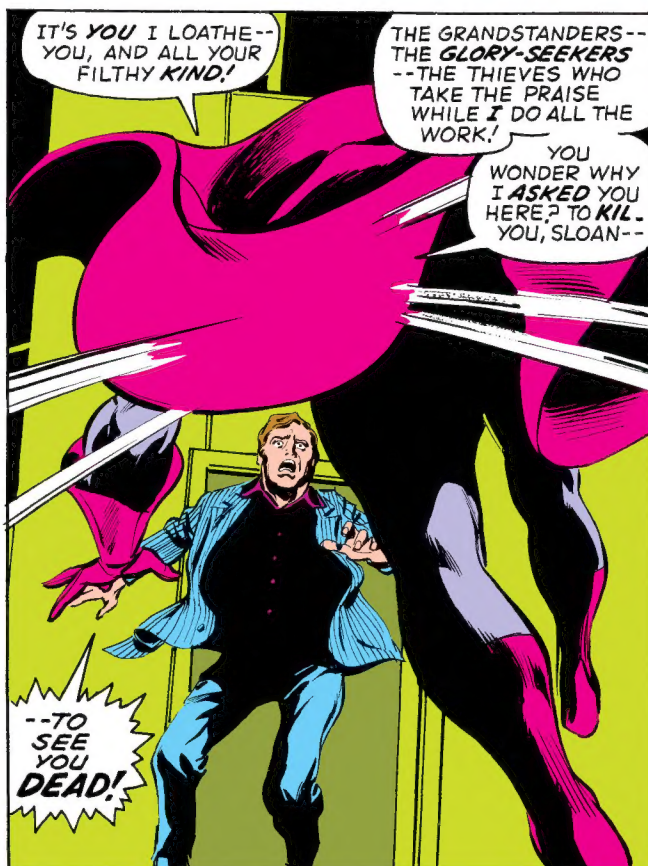


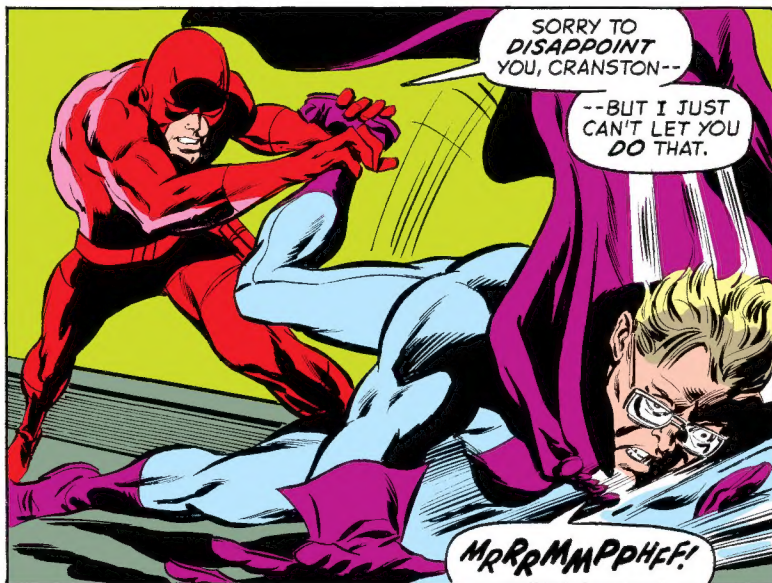












SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, CRANSTON--

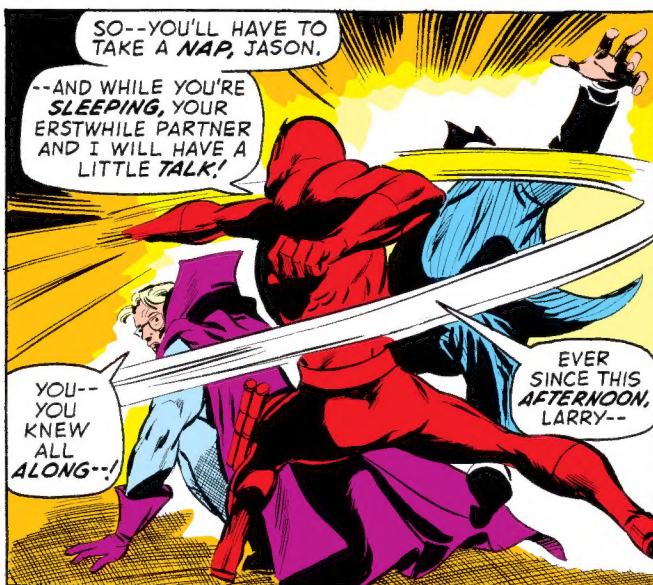
--BUT I JUST CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.

MRRRMPPHEE!



HMMM. BAD MOVE, MATTHEW--ANOTHER MOMENT, AND LARRY WILL SPILL THE BEANS--

--AND YOUR SECRET IDENTITY IS GONE.



SO--YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A NAP, JASON.

--AND WHILE YOU'RE SLEEPING, YOUR ERSTWHILE PARTNER AND I WILL HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

YOU-- YOU KNEW ALL ALONG--!

EVER SINCE THIS AFTERNOON, LARRY--



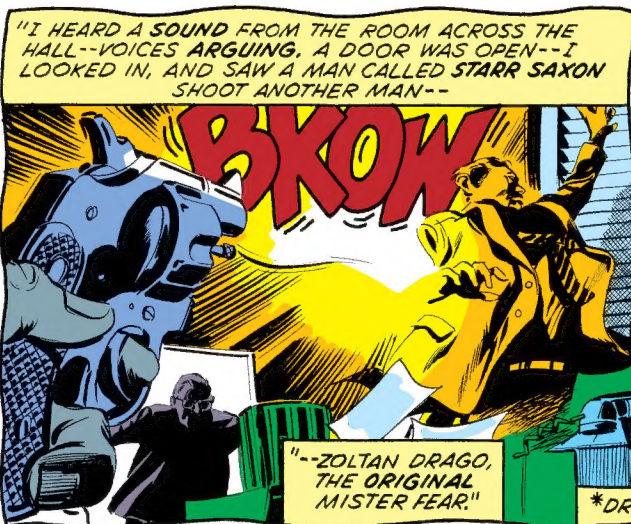
--YOU WERE OUT OF BREATH, PANTING--

--AND SOMETHING ELSE--THE RATHER DISTINCTIVE ODOR OF FEAR-GAS.

DISTINCTIVE TO ME, AT ANY RATE.

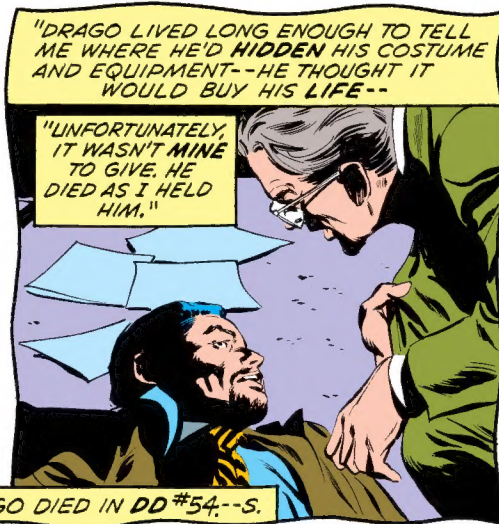
NOW, LAR: HOW'D YOU GET IT?

I--I WAS IN NEW YORK --AT-- AT A HOTEL--



"I HEARD A SOUND FROM THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL--VOICES ARGUING. A DOOR WAS OPEN--I LOOKED IN, AND SAW A MAN CALLED STARR SAXON SHOOT ANOTHER MAN--

"--ZOLTAN DRAGO, THE ORIGINAL MISTER FEAR."



"DRAGO LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE HE'D HIDDEN HIS COSTUME AND EQUIPMENT--HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BUY HIS LIFE--

"UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T MINE TO GIVE. HE DIED AS I HELD HIM."

*DRAGO DIED IN DD #54--S.

